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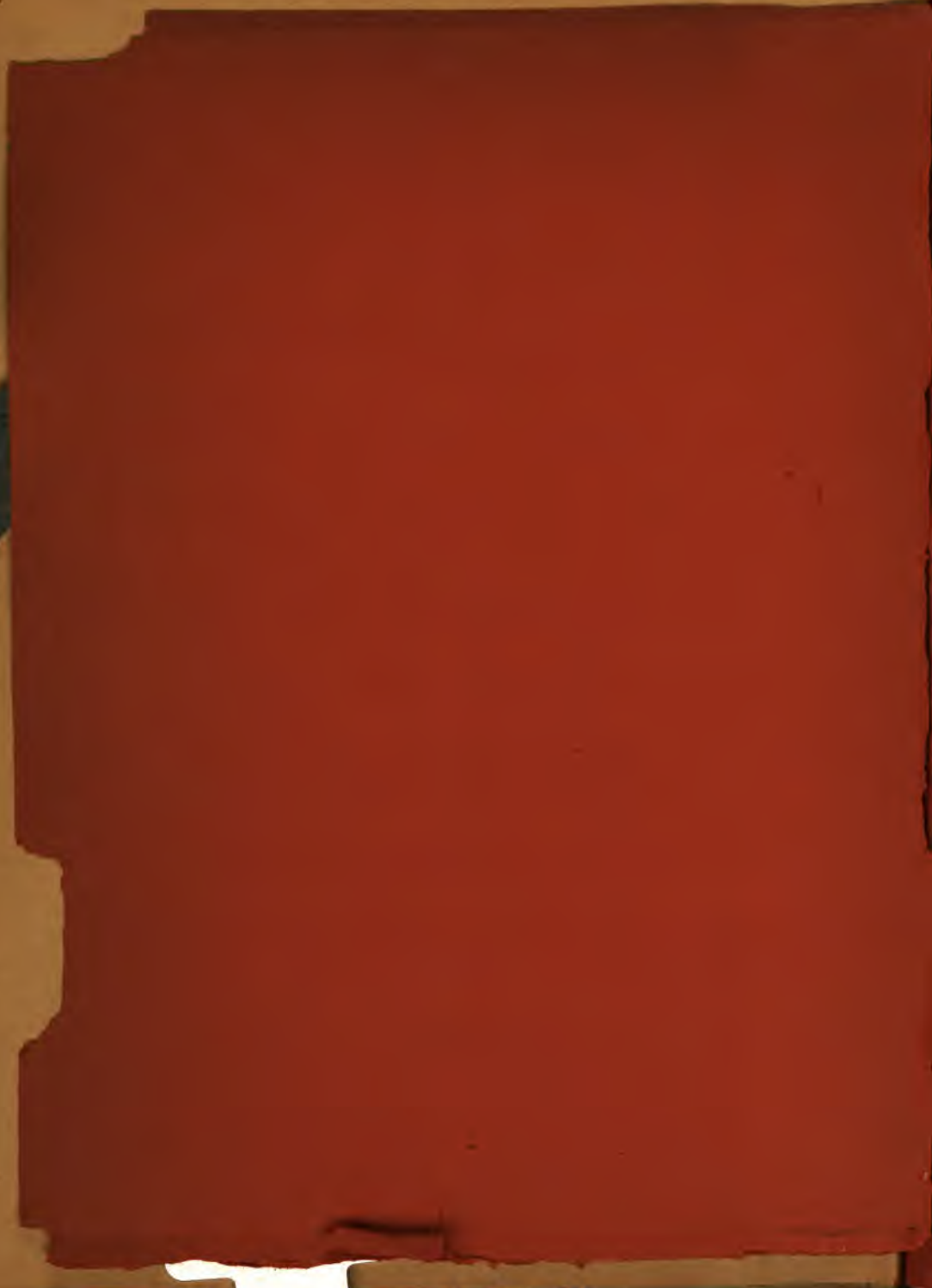
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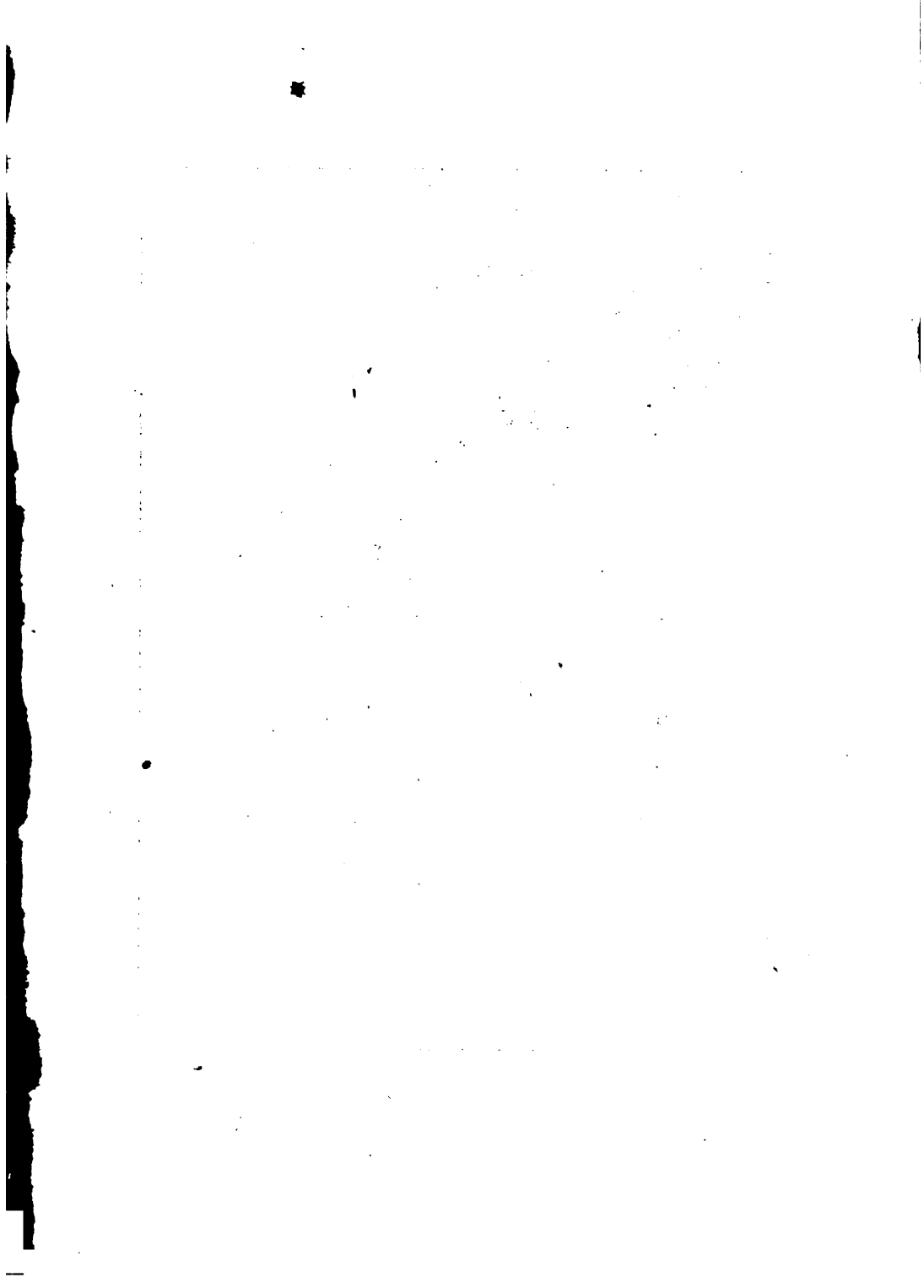
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*RUDYARD
KIPLING* ❧

THE ARTIST

*A RETROSPECT
AND
A PROPHECY* ❧

BY
WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON







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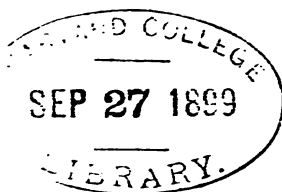
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RUDYARD KIPLING, THE ARTIST

A RETROSPECT AND A PROPHECY.

Those who have followed Mr. Kipling's swift advance for ten or more years past, have felt, within the last twelvemonth, that a decisive crisis was reached. This has now been doubly emphasized by his alarming illness—and by the black shadow of heaviest bereavement, fallen for the first time upon his joyous career. It seems all but certain that he is to be restored once more to the delights, the burdens, the agonies of the artist's life; but it is at least equally certain that his youth, with its world-wide ranging curiosity, its rollicking humor, its Titanic wilfulness and extravagant expenditure of energy, will have vanished forever. Mowgli, matured, humanized, wedded, a father, a weeper of manly tears, has all but forgotten the jungle. The three musketeers are mustered out. Nor shall we be inconsolable to know that the far more malodorous trio of English school-urchins will soon have

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ended their mad pranks. Even the most mischievous of choir-boys must don his white surplice, and pace sedately, when the organ peals and the service opens. Rudyard Kipling's genius is consecrated now to the noblest and most arduous service known to man. The crown of laurels and of thorns can be laid aside no more till the last "Recessional" shall be intoned. May that be yet a half-century away. May his purely poetic career be as long, as happy, as noble, as fruitful, as Tennyson's or Longfellow's. While he lies his hour in enforced silence, there is, perhaps, time to review hastily his wonderful youth-time, to hazard a rash prophecy as to his future activity.

Unhappy, indeed, if such there breathe, is the man without a country: the wretch who loves not best of all the one spot where he was born, be it Colonos or Jerusalem, Stratford or Shiraz.

Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say:
Of no mean city am I.

These lines are from the dedication to Mr. Kipling's birthplace, prefixed to "A Song of the

English." Bombay also speaks first among the world-encircling band of cities in the chorus of loyalty to England. There is little humility in her cry:

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—

Again, in "The Native-born," Kipling's earliest memories go back

To our dear, dark foster-mothers,
To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we babbled
Ere we came to the white man's tongue.

Indeed, though he spent his schoolboy years in old England, this East Indian singer feels that even the loyalty of "mine own people" cannot be understood aright in the island home. As the same poem opens:

We've drunk to the Queen,—God bless her!—
We've drunk to our mothers' land;
We've drunk to our English brother,
(*But he does not understand*).

This protest finds fuller—and, at times, almost plaintive—utterance in "The Flowers," a poem

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called out by a British reviewer, who found "something exotic, almost artificial, in songs which describe in English speech" any flora or fauna save the rathe primrose, the thrush of England, and their insular companions! Strong, clear and thrilling is the note of protest:

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

One of the most finished and powerful of his poems is the "Galley Slave," which is missing from the volumes of collected verse, but was published in full by Mr. Warner in his "Library of the World's Literature." And if I interpret this aright, the great Indian empire is there glorified, with little thought of the motherland's superiority. The "rollers of the North," which may some day threaten to swamp the stately galley, give just such a glimpse at the ever-dreaded Russian invasion as is dramatically indicated at the close of "The Man Who Was." The galley-oar that the singer himself has just left is a post in the Indian civil service. There is

something very like a trenchant criticism on the imperial wisdom of the faraway lords in London, in the

Talk of times and seasons and of woes the years bring forth,

when

A craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the shore.

And, by the way, though this is true English versè, down to the very line-rhymes and alliterations, how far away it is from the Tennysonian "moan of doves" and "murmur of bees!"

But, in any case, the adjustment between home-love and loyalty to England was surely completed before the "Recessional" could have been composed. Despite, nay, because of its warning to needful humility, there is but the fuller tone of pride and enthusiastic devotion in all its stanzas. No lyric, since the world was, ever had such an instantaneous, world-wide hearing and acceptance.

A question naturally asked next in this connection is: What is the new poet's attitude toward our own people? It is quite clear, on the

the title of the poem is 'The Recessional'

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one side, that he has shared largely in the general exasperation and anger felt by Englishmen because, with our undeniable kinship, there is mingled so much of diversity. Sometimes our very likeness is a source of irritation. This feeling once or twice glimmers through, where we least like to turn aside and note it, in the beloved *Jungle-book*. The Bandar-Log, who "boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle," are too much like the man-cub to please him! And, again, to the young wolf-pack that had refused to follow the old leader, we hear the jibe uttered: "Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours. Eat it, O wolves!" Mr. Kipling has himself guided us to a double meaning under such phrases. For instance, the song of the loyal cities, already quoted, runs:

Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons, have more.
 from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,
Turn, for the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy
 seed!

We suspect that Mr. Kipling not only deplores the great political rift in the English-

speaking race, but has hardly yet learned, as have many calmer English students of history, to thank our forefathers for completing the struggle for the rights of manhood begun at Runnymede and won at Naseby.

At any rate, the poem, "An American," is less pleasant reading than any other page in his dozen goodly volumes, from the jeering parody upon "Brahma," in the first stanzas, to the grudging promise of salvation at the close:

Lo! imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And in the teeth of all the schools,
I—I shall save him at the last!

Such adjectives cannot but wound. It is a poor revenge to say, that Mr. Kipling's own genius and its products have shocked many old-fashioned readers: that Mulvaney himself is "unkempt, disreputable, vast." Some touches would appear to cast off kinship altogether:

The Celt is in his heart and hand,
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve!

This would seem to leave as little for Anglo-Saxon brother-blood as Martin Dooley's scoff-

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ing enthusiasm itself! It is part truth, of course, else 'twould not rankle so. We know too well the American who

Blatant, bids the world bow down;
Or cringing, begs a crumb of praise.

But, surely, there are others.

Perhaps it is here, above all, that the essential youthfulness of Mr. Kipling's utterance thus far is to be remembered. Moreover, we have given him the closest friend of his youth, his comrade, his brother-artist. He has wedded a daughter of our people. For a few years, at least, he made a home upon a Yankee hillside. To all these ties of love is now added the one closer bond of bitterest grief. We do not believe the future will often bring us jeering words from the new singer of the race. He and we together take up the burdens of the new day, and look forward with affection, not backward in resentment. Even the poem just quoted shows his admiration for our unbounded resources and tireless energy. That we are, in material things, at least, outgrowing even the comprehension of our English cousins, is amusingly set forth in a

more recent story, "An Error in the Fourth Dimension."

The first piece of Kipling's work which fixed his name in my mind, perhaps the first I read at all, was "Without Benefit of Clergy." It is a sermon, the same sermon, indeed, preached far more grimly in "Beyond the Pale." The theme is: "A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed." The bitterness of Holden's grief, as of Trejago's, is partly that he can never confide it to any sympathetic ear. There is, however, in the telling of Holden's brief tragedy a tenderness that springs rather from simple truth than from consummate, conscious art. Here the pathos of a life under a dusky skin is brought out with as loving a hand as Longfellow's, in his Minnehaha. Indeed, for one reader, at least, this sketch still lies in a place quite apart, with the dew of fresh and delighted discovery upon it.

Black and White, the strange intermingling of the English and their dusky-faced subjects—and the remotest aloofness of each from the other—under the hot Indian sun—this seemed for some years to be Mr. Kipling's constant

theme, or very nearly so. He burst into literature with his three rollicking soldier boys, commanding attention for the time very much as, several decades before, Bret Harte drew the eyes of the English world to his outcasts—miners, gamblers and their folk—dreeing their rather vulgar but picturesque weirds in a gulch of the Sierras. No doubt some of us thought the vogue of this East Indian story-teller but a fad, that would pass with the novelty of the pictures he drew, with the charm of the great world-quarter he seemed to have annexed to literature.

British India certainly is infinitely nearer, and more real, to us than before. The outward life of the common soldier has also been brought most vividly and humanly before our eyes. Such services of man to men are, perhaps, better than any merely artistic triumph. But Mr. Kipling has never been a merely realistic student of life. In the first place, his delight in vivid color and plastic form, a mastery of swift, broad word-painting, seems to be part of his artistic birthright. Such an extravaganza as the "Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" may illustrate this. All the adventures of the palanquin

after its capture from Dearsley are incredible, doubtless really impossible, yet the whole picture of the queens' praying in Benares passes swiftly and clearly before our eyes, only the more life-like for Mulvaney's extravagance of dialect and humor in the telling, which sometimes heightens the effect, like the crackle and flash of the kinematograph.

A dramatic power, a passion for rounding the tale to completeness, is felt even in the briefest stories. The catastrophe is often plainly in sight from the first. Terence's own character makes us realize, before he reminds us, that every word of the "black curse" must have come true. We know as well as Ameera and Holden that the pale windflower of their stolen bliss opens only to be blasted. "The Man Who Was" and his Cossack taskmaster are set face to face with the fatalistic inevitableness of a Greek tragedy.

Kipling's creative originality was also in evidence from the first. As only one Yankee ever possessed the wit of Hosea Biglow, so only the one Anglo-Indian wizard could keep the endless stream of Terence's blarney running, while it still sparkles with rollicking fun, or again

is touched with the bitterness of dear-bought wisdom.

Here we cannot but turn eagerly to the Jungle-book. Realism, in a sense, we may find there also. This marvelous boy has found time to know the actual forests and beasts of India as few naturalists or sportsmen ever did. But the path to Mowgli's jungle is a lost trail ; or, at least, we must seek it only by the long road that leads also to Miranda's enchanted isle and Rosalind's forest, to Phæacia and Camelot, to Cuckoo-cloudland, and highest of all to the Dantesque Earthly Paradise.

In this delightful book a new realm is opened to our imagination, a realm peopled with creatures who have much good reason to disdain us and all our ways. The "Return to Nature," of which nearly all men sometimes dream, is here, as it were, realized, and dramatized before our eyes. A certain vague homesickness for a lost life must long haunt every imaginative boy who has once roamed the woods with Bagheera and Baloo, Kaa, the wise old serpent, and their gentle tyrant. We smile pityingly with Mowgli, as he recalls, amid the sweet odors of a night in

the forest: "Now in the Man-Pack, at this hour, as I remember, they laid them down upon hard pieces of wood in the inside of a mudtrap, and having carefully shut out all the clean winds, drew foul cloth over their heavy heads, and made evil songs through their noses. It is better in the Jungle."

Mr. Kipling would, perhaps, insist on classing himself as a realist; and we may well believe that he would be content—in Paradise—to

Draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are!

In the most fervent and pious of early dedications he gives thanks above all else that nothing in this world has ever seemed to him commonplace or mean.

It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Nevertheless, his prayer is to a God

Who lest all thought of Eden fade
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade,
And, Manlike stand with God again.

His allegiance is to the *True* Romance. But no Platonist or Emersonian could quarrel with the words in which he swears that allegiance:

Thy face is far from this our war,
 Our call and counter-cry;
 I shall not find thee quick and kind,
 Nor know thee till I die:
 Enough for me in dreams to see
 And touch thy garment's hem:
 Thy feet have trod so near to God,
 I may not follow them.

This gives us an opportunity to express our delight in the simple, strong faith, the healthy optimistic creed, that lives in this sturdy young poet of manly endeavor.

But there is a final demand that we may, perhaps, make concerning the poet: is he also a mystic, a dreamer of the dream divine? Is everything that he sees, or imagines, in this material world of the senses, a type of eternal, spiritual realities? This is a question, however, to which an occasional phrase, like the last lines quoted, are hardly a sufficient answer.

It was, indeed, inevitable that Rudyard Kipling should bring from his Orient-home a lively

sense of the marvelous, the supernatural, as hanging close about our sensuous world. Thus far, however, with a young man's strong conviction of the goodliness and sufficiency of this life, he has hardly attempted to face seriously the mysteries outside it. Once, indeed, when his soul-brother, Balestier, passed out of happy youth into the great silence, the survivor's eyes and heart followed longingly after. But even the stirring lines that record that experience show that his conception of Heaven is as human, as realistic, if not so crude, as a Norseman's Walhalla. It is a place where young fighters and adventurers may

Buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God
goes out to war,
Or hang, with the reckless Seraphim, on the rein of a
red-maned star.

A true Rough Rider's apotheosis this! Our gallant Colonel need not be homesick for Cuba, nor German Wilhelm for a crusade, as they dash forth on so glorious a foray, with Mr. Kipling himself, side by side. But some pale-faced scholar who met them at the gate might well have a lurking, horrible dread that he had been

misdirected altogether, or took the wrong turn at the crossroads. Still less can we accept the terrific upward and downward flight of poor Tomlinson, with all its grim moral significance, as a serious rival to the *Divina Commedia*! In "The Tomb of His Ancestors," reincarnation is a mere childish superstition of a savage clan. In the "Bridgebuilders," which takes the place of honor in his latest volume, there is at least a stronger appreciation of the artistic value in supernatural myth, especially when contrasted most sharply with the latest triumphs of modern science. Yet even there the whole vision of the old Indian gods is but half realistic, half ascribed to opium-madness. The most incongruous study in the possibilities of metempsychosis is in "The Finest Story in the World," where a dull Cockney youth has one magnificent thread of reminiscence from the far-off age when he rowed in some pirate's galley: whether Jason's or Leif Ericson's is not too clear. Incidentally, this story indicates that Mr. Kipling has noticed the remarkable stimulus always felt by Longfellow's poetic imagination under the influence of the sea and its life. The whole chain of mystical mem-

ory is snapped, just at the crisis of the author's—and the reader's—excitement, by the first woman's kiss the boy has ever returned. This same idea, that only the absolutely virginal nature can retain in the memory such delicate impressions from without, lies at the foundation of a much sincerer and tenderer story, the "Brushwood Boy." Here two absolutely pure children, having seen each other but once and unconscious of that meeting, retain into early manhood and womanhood the power to share fully each other's dreams. The story naturally recalls the sadder tale, "Peter Ibbetsen," but is too tender, too delicately wrought, too sincere, to be a conscious echo of anything outside the artist's soul in which it took shape. This story, the very last in the "Day's Work," again points us forward with brightest anticipation.

We have hinted at a certain resemblance in Kipling's first appearance to that of Bret Harte, whom he has, however, long since left far behind. As a marvel of youthful energy, we might be tempted to compare the creation of the "Fable for Critics," the "Biglow Papers," "Sir Launfal," and numerous minor poems, in a single dis-

tracted year, at the age of twenty-eight. But whether the obstacles were chiefly within or without, it must be confessed that Mr. Lowell's later life had not the complete consecration to the creative task of the poet which he himself often craved. There were, perhaps, too many other men, besides the poet, within that one richly gifted frame.

A better comparison may be drawn, especially since Kipling's more recent widening of scope and interest, with the still lamented Robert Louis Stevenson. On the ideal side, or indeed in absolute creative power generally, the Jungle stories are perhaps as yet the only clear indications of the later artist's superiority. Despite the alertness of his interest in all things external, Stevenson's invalidism doubtless often compelled him—not to say enabled him—to feed upon his own inner nature. Thus, his most famous fancy, the Jekyll-Hyde transformation, was in its origin a feverish dream, which haunted him until exorcised by its artistic elaboration.

To this rather uncanny creation of Stevenson's there is a remote parallel, perhaps, in "Captains Courageous." The strong nature that had

been dazed and dwarfed by the shock of utter bereavement in the Johnstown flood, recovers memory, dignity, faith, in the presence of another bereaved and desperate father on a stormy sea. Once more, as of old, he preaches nobly the duty of resignation to the Divine Will. The momentary crisis past, he forgets again his own name, his entire life-history, and with a half-imbecile chuckle resumes his game of checkers!

Thus boldly outlined, the incident must sound to unfamiliar ears not merely impossible, but grotesquely absurd. Yet Mr. Kipling makes his readers sure that the whole scene must have been drawn from life. Indeed, in this entire book, the dialect, the superstitions, the ways of thought, the sturdy, manly virtues and prosaic limitations of *mine* own people, the fisherfolk of Eastern Massachusetts, are delineated with a truthfulness that leave me in absolute terror before the artist's omniscience.

Many of Mr. Kipling's verses, and some of his later stories, stray into fields where no lover of the beautiful can follow. When he attempts to make locomotives, or the component parts of a steamship, assume characters and carry on a

discussion, we must, indeed, ask again, with lifted eyebrows, though he mock us to the echo: "It's clever, but is it art?"

Certainly, though "The 'eathen in his blindness" may yet make more soldier-heroes than a thousand drill sergeants could turn out unaided, and "On the Road to Mandalay" has all the "tender grace of a day that is dead," all the maddening tints and odors of the Orient seas, packed within its little rough shell, many of the poems in Cockney dialect are mere larks of a Bohemian rhymers.

Even the sonorous melodies of "MacAndrew's Hymn" fail to convince us that a technical lecture upon the niceties of modern machinery is either intelligible in detail to the lay mind, or compatible with purely poetic utterance. But the broad sweep of Mr. Kipling's interest, the hawk-like keenness of his vision, make us confident that these large stores of observation will yet find noblest use.

Poets have usually held their eyes either fixed in fond regret upon a more or less mythical past, or dreamily directed to a still remoter golden age to be. The reception of the "Recessional"

and the "White Man's Burden," the remarkable telegram of Kaiser Wilhelm to Mrs. Kipling, must reveal to us that this poet is actually one of the greatest leaders in the world-politics of to-day. The close kinship of his nature to such men as our own Col. Roosevelt is unmistakable.

We live among mighty and swift movements, in which the most realistic and sordid motives often act in common with the most romantic, far-sighted and altruistic impulse. We do not doubt that Col. Roosevelt's heart, for instance, responds to every lofty aspiration of the "White Man's Burden." But surely no one believes that all the men and forces that pushed us into the Philippines and Porto Rico, or that are urging the European powers to the partition of Africa and of China, are on the same noble plane! The agent of the syndicate and the devoted missionary-martyr of civilization both go out upon the first steamer.

In such a time we must rejoice that the mightiest poetic voice in our race is not that of a gentle shepherd or a bookish student, but of a keen-eyed, widely-wandered, sturdy citizen of the world. We must hope, we

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do firmly believe, that he will turn more and more fully to the noblest forms of utterance. Whether it be actually romance or drama, realistic or ideal, contemporary or prophetic, his work should become more and more truly poetic.

There is a class of poets, noble and precious often, each of whom seems the clear voice of his whole race, age or land, and little more. So Virgil's poems are an idealized and purified utterance of Rome herself. We feel he added grace to all he touched, yet we can tell where he found almost every phrase, every thought. We can account for him in detail. This seems to leave even Virgil, the most beloved of all poets, merely at the head of a second class. Schiller and Scott are perhaps of his brethren.

The *first* order is rather of those who are absolutely creative, who seem to have brought with them from some other world what we value most in their artistic product. That product may be small in mass, or, again, lacking in artistic beauty or in higher meaning. At the head of the class, however, stand the three supreme artists of the world.

Into this class Kipling, we think, was born.

His imagination is as original, as unaccountable, as Aristophanes'. His style, his every expression, is as much his own as Landor's was his. Mr. Kipling has a more definite and earnest artistic purpose in life than either of these last. That he will approach the supreme Seats of the Mighty we have as yet no right to hope. His genius seems rather dramatic than epic. We may hope he will turn, earlier than Tennyson did, to that literary form in which the creator of Jack Falstaff, of Caliban, of Bottom, of Ariel and of Puck found himself unfettered and unconfined.

Mr. Kipling has, perhaps, not yet won an unquestioned triumph in any of the large creative forms. His verse, at any rate, is almost wholly in briefest lyric flights. Once, at least, however, in the "Ballad of East and West," there is all the promise of dramatic power. This is the poem which brought the thrice-welcome accolade of Tennyson's praise. The "Naulahka" (which is doubtless essentially his own) culminates in the rather commonplace lesson that man cannot retain both a true woman's whole-hearted love and a freebooter's prize. As to "Captains Courageous," though the young hero

is made to find his manhood in exile and hardship, it may be objected that all the other characters stand still, that the whole drama is played out by them merely to complete Harvey's education. It is a typical "short story," writ large: the delineation of a single experience. Much less is poor Dick, flinging his life away picturesquely when all its charm had vanished, vitally helpful to those who still hope and strive. Mowgli remains. We might possibly have been content with less of him, if the tale were but the "old feud" with Shere Khan. We are tempted now to cry for more: for the story of a life. But here, at least, unutterable gratitude is deeper than our greed. It is, however, a book for youth—and for the happy few among gray-beards who keep the freshness of youth. Manhood calls us to sterner dramas, in life and in art.

Mr. Kipling has touched more than once on that mighty struggle of the nations, which seems likely to come, for the mastery of a world. Perhaps, in that crisis, the Teutons of the continent may yet be found united, by the strong ties of blood and commercial interest, with the island

lords of fleets and the other trading nations of Anglo-Saxon speech, including ourselves. Against such an alliance, aided, perchance, by the Yankees of the Orient, the Japanese, it is possible that the Slav and the degenerate Latin races, united, whether in economic or military strife, might spend all their billowy force in vain. Such a future, even before it marches to a swift present fulfilment, might well inspire the new poet of our race. It would interest him, and us, more vitally than any retelling of the voyage to Colchis or to Vinland.

It is not inconceivable that twenty years hence Mr. Kipling may be a statesman,—perhaps one of the international council which shall make war as difficult as it is absurd. Surely we are nearer to such a "Parliament of man" than when Tennyson dreamed of it first, though he himself repined, and perhaps despaired, sixty years later.

But the clearest fact of Mr. Kipling's life is, that he stands upon the threshold of a new day, and that such work as he has for the most part done hitherto can satisfy neither the artist himself nor those who love him best. He might

well resent the implication that he had taken life altogether easily thus far: but we, too, thought we had sometimes done "A Day's Work" very like grown men. So we may, after all, fling back to him his own kindly-voiced and earnest words:

"Take up the" poet's "burden!
 Have done with childish days—
 The lightly-proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise:
 Comes now to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers."

In truth, it was not a mere error of the German newspapers the other day, when they spoke of the Kaiser's message as sent to Kipling, the American. We are all immigrants here, alien squatters on the red Indians' birthright—and some of the things Mr. Kipling likes least in his predecessors make us all the more a mirror wherein he may behold his own swiftly-maturing nature.

To our well-beloved brother, then, we may, perhaps, be absolutely frank, in admiration and in disapproval. Of course, there are

more than nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays that are all perfectly right, and they all include vigorous abuse of any other tribes save ours, or, at least, a broad intimation that all the lesser breeds without the law—our law, of course—are an unhappy lot. But even here, the appeal to a base motive is not *as* good, morally or artistically, as the awakening of a nobler, and therefore stronger, impulse. The instant we rise above mere savagery, some appeals are not right at all, even in a tribal lay.

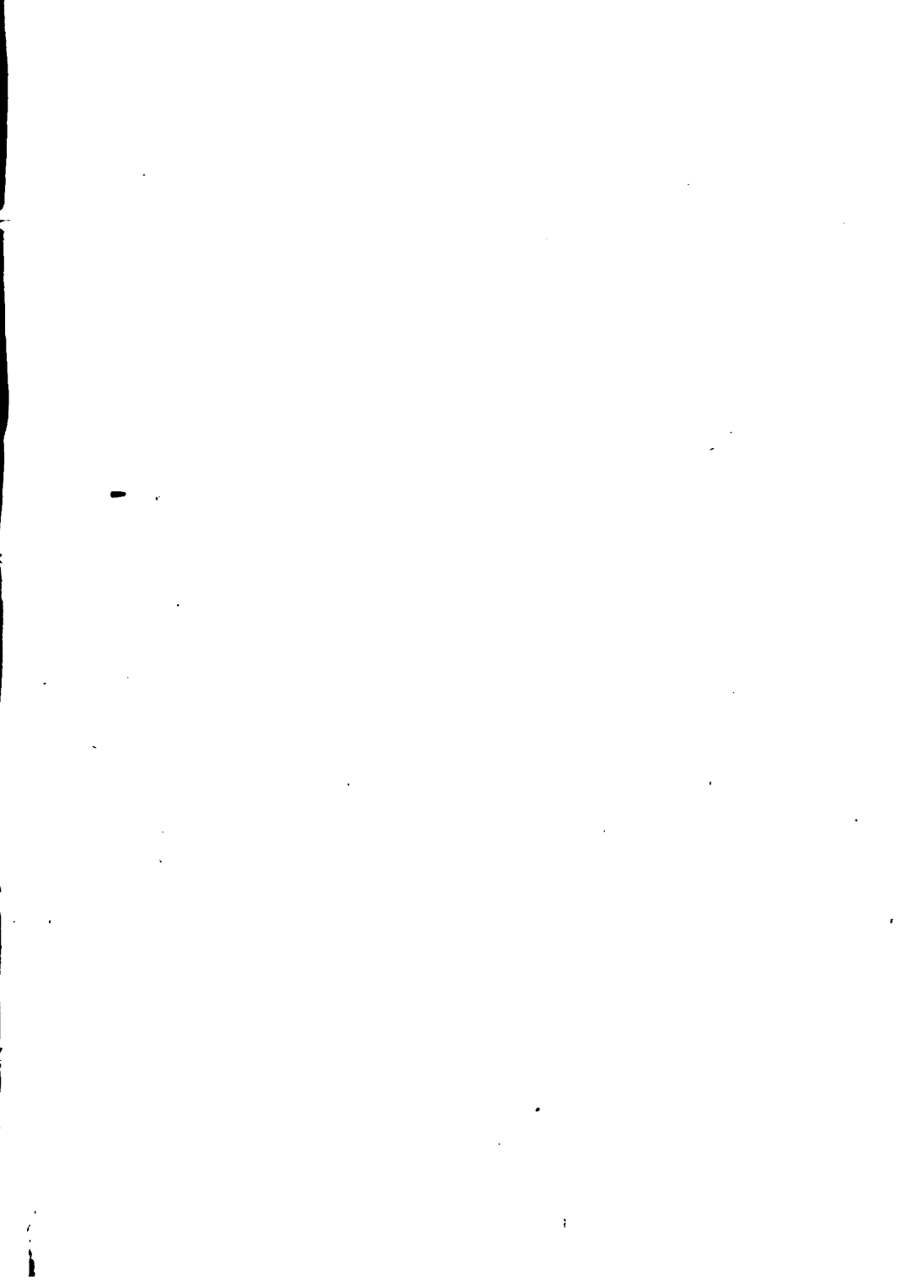
The boyish allusion once made to the “snort implanted by the Almighty in the nostrils of a nation of thieves” or similar words, should not be too seriously received. The theft was but piracy of his early books. Something like a grudging withdrawal we may see, where Quebec and Montreal together now utter one mild quatrain only. We remember the sins of our own youth, we would forgive as we crave forgiveness; yet some things must not be repeated, lest we forget that we forgot, and doubt if we forgive.

The singer of the “Recessional” and of “The White Man’s Burden” owes to the race, to the human race, something loftier and purer than

tribal lays. Yet between these two came a lapse worse than any of the older boyish scoffs at ourselves. It is natural for strong races to hate each other, until they mingle to produce a type stronger, perchance, than either. The Southern Briton is of a mixed race, if ever there was one. That the new blend with Kelt and Romance stock in the Mississippi Valley will produce a mighty folk is at least clear; and regrets are vain. A thousand years hence, the wonderful qualities of the Slav may be no less indispensable in the breeding of the child of all the ages, who shall stand in the foremost files of time. A poet who would live (and Kipling is "a man, since he stoops to fame,") must not assert that a folk of one hundred millions is fairly described as but a treacherous and murderous beast.

But enough of discontent. It is only the fullest gratitude that we would proffer for these generous fruits of Mr. Kipling's youth-time. New occasions teach new duties: time makes ancient good uncouth!

The last words are Lowell's: words of a man who never was blatant, never cringed for praise; the worthy spokesman of the "Free People."







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AUG 13 1929

~~DUE MAY 22 '35~~

~~DUE MAR 14 '36~~

OCT 13 1938

~~APR 6 1939~~

MAR 7 1939

~~DUE APR 27 '37~~

JUN 1 1940

~~NOV 26 1937~~

MAY 26 1921 DUE OCT 24 '50

JAN 17 1922

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Dec 17

OCT 13 1932